THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1275.

Original Poetry.

IMPROMPTU.
TO L***R.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sing, then, to me, Love,
While the light is stealing
Thro' the bright room, Love,
The plighted Truth revealing.

Sing, then, to me, Love,
At the bright dawn of Day
When in rosy beams, Love,
Around thou sprite play.

Sing, then, to me, Love,
When Nature's task is rest;
Let the harmonies unveil, Love,
Still south my aching breast.

Sing, then, to me, Love,
While the revolving sphere
Rolls the Old aslers, Love,
And ushers in the Year.

Sing, then, to me, Love,
Thro' life's changing scene,
Still may thy cheering voice, Love,
Disarm sorrow, pain and strife.

Then, dear the world we'll pass, Love,
In bitchmonarity and gear;
Still working all our friends, Love,
A merry Christmas day."

Dec. 25, 1845. R. J.

Original Tales.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT;
OR,
Never Give Up.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY E. DANIELS.

"I declare I receive a letter from your dear father to-day I shall nearly think some change has befallen him," exclaimed Mrs. Elliott, as, and and dispatched she was seated one morning with her little family. Her children were nearly in fear of aught that related to their absent father, had gathered anxiously around her, while William Elliott, even his mother's cheerful countenance, fearing that she had but too much reason for apprehension, now stood silently regarding her with looks of the deepest concern. Here will we leave them for the present.

It was in the lovely and retired little village of ——, situated but a few miles distant from the foot of the Catskill Mountains, where James Elliott first saw and admired Mary Cowin. Amiable in sentiment and mind, engaging in person was he early beloved by all who knew her. Nor was he less highly esteemed for his many estimable qualities. Long were they endeared to each other ere the day arrived, when, under happy auspices she became his wife. Shortly after their marriage, Mr. Elliott, finding it to be more advantageous for his business, his occupation being that of a house carpenter, removed with his young bride to the city of New York. Here, by dint of industry and good management, proof of a new years found many customers, and a steadily business, as master house builder and shipjoiner. Meanwhile a little family was growing up around them. Blessed with a wife who was their counselling children, ere there were if any who enjoyed the comforts of a domestic life, than did James Elliott; apparently never better pleased than when surrounded by his little ones—and often might he be seen, after the toils of the day, romping up and down his floor, with one on either side, and an other on his arm, happy as a king.

Years passed and found Elliott prospering in business, and the owner of a handsome little property. His family now consisted of six children, the eldest a son, a most promising boy, and five little girls. It was ever Mr Elliott's aim to endeavour to educate his children well. Wherefore, therefore had every advantage that could be derived from the best of teachers, and being of a studious turn, though sprinkled with what is sometimes called a spice of mischief, he had acquired a better education than those of his age generally possess. But alas, for human happiness! a change was fast approaching which none might foresee.

About this time Mr. Elliott became acquainted with a person who was about engaging in what was considered likely to prove profitable business at the South. Aware of Mr Elliott's knowledge and experience he proposed to him that he should become a partner in the concern. This proposal was encouraged by Mr. Elliott, being in reality so variance with his feelings, for by so doing he could be separated at least half a year from his beloved family. A long winter evening did he cause by his cheerful converse, to pass pleasantly away, and many were the hours that by the fireside—ever ready to lend an attentive ear to all her counsels, she felt that he was now all to her. The time, however, at length arrived, when, according to many a heaved parent and hopeless orphan, Mr. Elliott was about to take his last passage in the City of New York. It was now midsummer, and daily were the accounts becoming more alarming, the inhabitants were flying from the city in all directions. As Mrs. Elliott resided in a healthy part of the city, being some distance removed from the unhealthy quarters, she felt herself safe, was at present under no apprehension of danger herself, as the solicitor left her home. But for her husband she was extremely anxious, he being engaged as the person in whose employ he now was resided him—to remain with him yet a few weeks. It was this alone that detained her from going to the country, whither she had sent her three eldest children, and where she fondly expected to join them. Early one morning she was rather surprised at the unexpected entrance of her son, his countenance bespeaking that all happy expression so peculiar to him.

"Well, mother, I have good news for you, he exclaimed. "Mr. M has at length resolved to send his business for the present, and I am now at liberty to accompany you to the country—and you think best we will make arrangements immediately for our departure." This was on Saturday, and as it was agreed on that they should leave the next morning, would not sail until the middle of the next week, they concluded, therefore, that should nothing prevent, they would be ready to leave for the city. Never did the sun shine upon a lovelier day than that Sabbath following, strangely contrasting with the melancholy gloom that reigned within the dwelling city, and which was so visibly depicted on many a sad countenance. Even the air seemed more and refreshing, but all the seasons of death was on the house. Even than was the angel of death hovering commissioned anew to go forth bearing on his flight the summons which was shortly to hurry away many to their eternal destiny. That morning Mrs Elliott attended the service of the sanctuary—her mind was composed, and she felt a tranquility of soul that she had not experienced for months. On returning home, while conversing with her family, she complained of a slight head-ache, and observed that by taking a little repose it would probably be better.

The bell was tolling the hour for the afternoon service, when William Elliott, who had been engaged in reading descended to his mother's room, but found her asleep, and thinking it best not to disturb her, he departed alone. On returning home he enquired for her, and was surprised to find that she was still sleeping. The night none he made as he entered the room aroused her from her slumbers—and she uttered some incoherent words—a pain-ful thought darted through his mind—but in the hope that she might be only dreaming he stepped softly forward, and gently laid his hand upon her forehead, now burning with fever.

"Mother, dear mother," he called, but Mrs. Elliott knew not her beloved son. Deeply disturbed yet not wishing to cause needless alarm, he bade his little sister to remain with her mother until his return. Fear, lest perhaps she had taken the fever lest ravage to his speed, anxious to get their family physician, who lived more than a mile distant. A few moments brought him to the door. He was not at home, but momentarily expected. Leaving word for Dr. Phillips to call on his return, William had found homeward, and found her still delirious—Watching by her bedside in the most painful suspense for the return of the doctor, which he knew not how far distant. At the dawn of day he again left her for the next physician, who returned with him—his opinion was that the disease was the fever, and confirmed his worst fears. On that day the physicians composing the board of health, (De Lancey Kissam, the then resident physician) met to decide on her case, as Mrs. Elliott was that day reported as one of Yellow Fever. Heretofore the fever had been confined to the lower part of the city—unexpectedly it had now made its appearance in this hitherto healthy district, assuming at its character of the most malignant and fearful aspect. Mrs. Elliott was one of the first victims. That evening one of the little girls was taken with it also. And, now night and day did this affectionate son and brother watch by the side, and minister to the wants of his dear ones, alone for except one faithful friend, who by times resided his assistance, and a kind-hearted neighbor who called to enquire daily, none but the physician came near him, as many around them had either left the city or were too much occupied with their own troubles to think of those of others, or many of their neighbors. It was a fearful time then standing between life and death, and under days trying circumstances.

"My son," said the sympathizing physician, "your mother is not in all senses of your present care. You are in the greatest danger here, even at the peril of your life you remain. Better remove then to a place of safety, and we will provide a person to attend to her."

William told him that while his mother lived he could not leave her, and should ever feel grateful for any assistance that he could render him. Help came in the form of an honest Irish woman, who, after remaining a few hours, helped her-self so plentifully from a decanter of brandy kept for medicinal purposes, that she was staggering about the room. Through this fearful time his life and health were preserved, and reason did return to that of his beloved parent. Mrs Elliott and she knew that her beloved son was near her. Aware of his danger, she would affectionately urge him to be more careful, precaution against taking the fever. Sensible of her own situation, great was her anxiety for her little ones, as she felt that they would soon be orphans. Yet was she resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, and to his protection was she constantly commending them. Their father's dying prayer was for his children, and she felt that it would be answered in mercy. Solemnly did she charge her eldest son never to forsake the sisters, but love and cherish them, and he should be re-warded by the blessing of Mrs Elliott and the Lord.

Assisted only by those above mentioned, were the last sad offices to the remains of so dear mother performed. And now, as the sorrowful impressions convening his last sisters to the supervision room in the house, where they were left alone until after he went his last letter to his dear father, but two weeks—and that before his death he had penned a letter to such a manner as to lead him to thought there would be no difficulty in setting it. But that after his death a person of whose into city had been employed by Mr. Elliott, to settle the remains of his beloved mother, had been conducted under more favoring circumstances to the house, and received the most affectionate son! As soon after this as possible, his young sister being now convalescent, he made arrangements for leaving the city. It was on a cold, cheerless morning, in the latter part of the autumn of the year, when one of the North River vessels was landing her passengers at the foot of Courtland street. Many were then returning with thankful hearts for the preservation of themselves and their families. But there were some to whom the sight of home caused the most painful reflection, and among these was William Elliott. Left all the tears of sorrow he had shed. Fast fell the tears of sorrow as he led two and his little charge, than that of William Elliott. There was no tender mother to listen to his complaints or minister with a gentle hand to the wants of her little ones. No kind father to welcome back his tender family, and comfort them in the inconsolable hour of grief. Deeply engrossed in heart, at the lone hour of midnight, did this faithful son follow the remains of his beloved mother to the silent tomb. How far differently could all have been conducted under more favoring circumstances! How much more affectionate and affectionate son! As soon after this as possible, his young sister being now convalescend, he made arrangements for leaving the city. It was on a cold, cheerless morning, in the latter part of the autumn of the year, when one of the North River vessels was landing her passengers at the foot of Courtland street. Many were then returning with thankful hearts for the preservation of themselves and their families. But there were some to whom the sight of home caused the most painful reflection, and among these was William Elliott. Left all the tears of sorrow he had shed. Fast fell the tears of sorrow as he led two and his little charge, than that of William Elliott. There was no tender mother to listen to his complaints or minister with a gentle hand to the wants of her little ones. No kind father to welcome back his tender family, and comfort them in the inconsolable hour of grief. Deeply engrossed in heart, at the lone hour of midnight, did this faithful son follow the remains of his beloved mother to the silent tomb. How far differently could all have been conducted under more favoring circumstances! How much more

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☞ JOHN T. BLAIR, of Columbus, Ohio, is no longer agent for this paper. 410-6

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

An excellent practical story and two sparkling pieces, constitute the literary matter on the outside, this week. The other portions of the paper will be found "first rate." The sketch ey Fanny Forester is admirably told, and the "Schoolmaster" will make every one laugh. The contrasts of the "Ladies' Boudoir" we can especially recommend. On the last page is a spirited picture of "Bunker Hill House, at Yorktown," a dwelling memorable in revolutionary annals as the one where the capitulation of Cornwallis was arranged.

The weather for the last week has been milder, but the temperature still continues high. It was happy to state that the small-pox, whose prevalence in our city has been so much exaggerated, but which has caused here in reality no more fatality than a pest, in new relatively on the decline. The numbers of deaths by it, meantime, have been fewer, considering the number of cases, than in small in every ordinary fevers.

The necessity of re-vaccination is a subject on which such a diversity of opinion obtains in the community that we are pleased to find in the Bordeaux Palladium, a writer of judgment, who thus places the question in its true light. We had occasion, some years since, to give this matter a thorough examination, and from a study of the statistics of the French and Prussian armies, we rose up with the conviction that vaccination, though generally a permanent protection against the small pox, was not always so. The result of our scrutiny may be stated more at large in the exact words now used by Dr. Falconnet, in the Palladium.

1. That the impression made on the system of many persons by an attack of natural small-pox, does not afford perfect exemption from a second attack of that disease, but they are still susceptible to a modified, yet often fatal, form of it.

2. That many persons who have undergone inoculation with small-pox matter, are likewise susceptible of varioloid of a dangerous character.

3. That vaccination with cow-pox, which has, for nearly a half century been generally extended as the most certain prophylactic agent, like the preceding, frequently leaves the person insecure against an attack of varioloid.

4. That, where there has been vaccination with cow-pox, though it may not exempt the individual from an attack of varioloid, it modifies the violence of the disease and preserves life: these being comparatively but few cases on record of persons having died from an attack of that disease, who had been previously vaccinated.

5. That the ratio of deaths from the second attacks of small-pox or varioloid in persons who had the natural disease, is infinitely greater than in unvaccinated persons.

From these facts Dr. Falconnick deduces several practical inferences, which we would impress on our readers in case that loathsome malady the small-pox, should ever reach their neighborhood.

1. That vaccination is the best protection against small-pox. It modifies the disease and preserves life, although it does not in all cases exempt entirely from an attack of varioloid—a disease.

2. That re-vaccination becomes necessary to test the protection of the system.

3. That after re-vaccination, an individual may have a reasonable certainty of exemption from an attack of varioloid.

4. That re-vaccination should be resorted to by all persons upon whom it has not been repeated, whenever the small-pox assumes an epidemic form as the change constantly taking place in the human system, render an individual liable to infection in one period who may have been exempt at another time, and particularly as that liability is greatly increased by the existence of the various constitution of the atmosphere which have otherwise spended causes into endemic prevalence.

Re-vaccination should, therefore, be resorted to by all persons who may have come sure of an immunity against the small-pox, but especially by those whom duty calls into the atmosphere of the sick bed of infection. In thus re-vaccinating, care should be taken in the selection of the virus, as it is often entirely useless, and sometimes improperly of the daily the diseases of the subject from which it was taken.

There are several books and magazines on our table which we shall find room to notice next week.

JENNY LIND.

N. P. Willis has heard the new Swedish vocalist Jenny Lind, whose extraordinary powers are astonishing Europe. He has a letter in the Mirror, dated from Frankfort to give us a concert yesterday, the and Rouge, the redoubtable as the two comets of Germany at the present moment, and of course you read enough in the London papers. The blonde Jenny seemed a little out of temper and it was whispered around that she had been advertised to sing one hour, in three countries, and was doing penance rather than disappointing the public. Her singing was perfect—in a slight operatic style, and with that pale hair and thin which gives the Swedes such an unearthly look. She sang "Casta Diva" and Semiramide, notwithstanding, in like the noise of a quiet wall, known to be a deep one. With the most refining modesty she carries the degree of the profession of boundless tenderness and capability. It is understood that she is only using her profession to accumulate a fortune for a poor lover, and that her marriage will end her prima-donna bent. This is the romance in the back ground of the picture, and it is on the stage in very interesting relief. Her present appearance is acquiring her musical skill is said to have been very remarkable. She arrived in Paris without means, excepting after the success she had in London) to be able to support herself by the stage as she would by any in the world. She sang in art, but the first opinion of Garcia was that she should abstain from all singing for a year or her voice would be irremediably lost. During that time she supported herself by sewing, and on retaining her profession, and went to the opera in spite of remedies. She is now rapidly making a large fortune. Her pecuniary loss in the Sontags to which she was subject, though not to be called admirable artist in all other particulars. I did not, myself, fancy the exact style thereof of her negligence, but the audience, I should say, appeared to have pressed their admiration in raptures. She hates England, I am told, and is determined not to sing there, and she will probably never go to America. As Ole Bull's violin comes from the same country, however, and is remarkable for the same fine drawn penetration into the impossible, you are partially consoled.

Too much human worship is likely to be the peril, I think, of both Jenny Lind and the reformer I have named with her. The sovereigns of the 19th the territory into which the pretty Swedish has come unwillingly to sing, took her to the palace to lunch with him and the queen, and her last engagement was the fiasco in the afternoon, was amid an assemblage of all the people of rank and consequence of the place—titled, scholastic, or world supported, for her proposed retirement with an obscure lover."

THIRTY-TWO SAVED.

Captain Bradford of the ship Cambridge on his late voyage from Liverpool to New York, fell in with the wreck of the barque Lord Lyndoch, waterlogged, and so unmanage that the crew of the number of thirty-two, were living in the log boat. Captain Bradford rescued the sufferers—half of whom were in an envenied state.

AFFAIRS IN HAYTI.

We have intelligence from Port au Prince to the 7th ult. The difficulties between the Dominicans and Haytiens continued in full force. A French commercial agent, residing at Cape Haytien, had been ordered off by the blacks, for acting as a sort of spy for the Dominicans. Not leaving immediately, he was marched down in the beach, and made to swim off to a Haytian man-of-war, on board of which he received a severe flogging. This created some uneasiness, and may lead to the blockade of all the Haytien ports by the French. A steamer conveying information of the occurrence, had been despatched to the French Admiral on the coast, but had not returned on the 6th inst. This affair will afford an excellent opportunity for the French to recover their lost colony if they desire it.

It may not be uninteresting for our readers to have an explanation of these difficulties between the Dominicans and Haytians. The east end of the island of St. Domingo, formerly known as the Spanish part, or Hayti, now forms the Dominican Republic. Its extent is 33,000 square leagues of 25 to a degree. For twenty years and upwards the whites, and mulattoes, had submitted to the Haytien rule. But in February, 1844, they successfully made a stand against the black government, and have since effectually guarded their independence; and, it is supposed, will be able to do so. They have reason, however, to fear a large black invasion, and can muster an emergency force 10,000 capable of bearing arms. They also have a small naval force.

Shortly after the assertion of their independence, the Dominicans sent Commissioners to the United States, asking it to recognize as an independent nation, and declaring that their government presents an actual capacity to fulfill the obligations of an independent nation, as well as the powers to defend its sovereignty, and to enter into relations with other nations; that every guarantee is required; etc. Mr. Hogan was accordingly sent as Commissioner to that country to inquire into its condition and prospects, and on his return he has published a report of his mission.

The Dominicans, in a letter to the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, late Secretary of State, brought by Mr. Hogan, urge the recognition of their independence on these, among other grounds

1. The population is over 200,000, half of which are white, who hold the general administration, and two-thirds of the entire population. The remainder, a portion of whom are landed proprietors or old military officers, are disposed and fond of order and subordination; the remainder are negroes, most of whom are slaves. Slavery has been entirely abolished in the Republic.

2. That the government is anxious to encourage foreign agriculturists, in order to increase the white population and give greater security, thus augmenting and attracting trade, commerce, and to advance popular instruction.

3. With that view, the government has recalled all the white Dominicans who emigrated in 1822. Those persons, also, who left property, and which the Haytien government had not confiscated, this will be restored, without regard to the acquirement or laws of the State, to the injury of the present owners.

4. The Dominican government presents actual capacity to fulfill the obligations of an independent nation, as well as the powers to defend its sovereignty, and to enter into relations with other nations, that may grant it their sympathy. Mr. Hogan was accordingly sent as Commissioner to that country to inquire into its condition and prospects, and on his return he has published a report of his mission.

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ALMANAC
FOR THE YEAR
1846.
CORRECTED FOR THE
Saturday Evening Post.
NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st day.	Monday, 2d day.	Tuesday, 3d day.	Wednesday, 4th day.	Thursday, 5th day.	Friday, 6th day.	Saturday, 7th day.	Sun Rises and Sets (H. M. H. M.)	High Water (H. M.)
January, 1st Month	—	—	—	—	1	2	3	7 22 4 37	7 3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	7 19 4 41	12 40
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	7 14 4 46	5 30
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	7 8 4 52	11 21
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	7 1 4 59	5 38
February, 2d Month	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	6 53 5 7	11 19
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6 45 5 15	4 8
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	6 36 5 24	10 4
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	6 27 5 33	4 14

☞ The Savannah papers, state that Lieut. Rankin, of the U. S. Artillery, stationed at St. Augustine, E. F., was riding on horseback lately, when the horse started with him, and the bridle rein breaking, Lieut. R. was thrown violently against one of the trees in South Broad street. His head having struck the tree, a concussion of the brain was caused, and the sufferer lay in a very precarious situation, though attended by medical gentlemen of the first rank in their profession.

☞ On the 5th ult., as a daughter of Samuel Miller, of Fayette Township, Alleghany Co., Pa., aged about thirteen years, was assisting to lift off from the fire, a large copper kettle filled with boiling water, she became faint and confused, and in attempting to reach a chair, fell into the kettle of water, by which she was so dreadfully scalded that she survived for only thirty hours after the accident.

☞ On Saturday last, a young seaman, son of Captain Lane, of the barque Mary Boughton, at Boston, fell from aloft on to the deck of that vessel, and was instantly killed. In the same city, same day, Mr. Johnson, master mason, fell from a staging, and was also instantly killed. At Lowell, on Friday, Mr. James McCann was killed by falling down stairs at his residence.

☞ Miss Schuyler, a niece of Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, was killed in Albany, on Monday week while riding in a sleigh, by being run against by a pair of runaway horses attached to a farmer's sleigh. The pole of the sleigh struck Miss S. in the side and caused her death almost instantaneously.

☞ The Montreal Herald, states that two soldiers of the 46th regiment were drowned on the 19th ult., while crossing from St. Helen's island. Five were in the canoe, three of whom were saved. The bodies of these unfortunate persons have not yet been found; it is supposed they have gone under the ice.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

DEPARTURE FROM MUNICH—AUGSBURG—WALK TO ULM—VALLEYS OF THE NECKAR AND THE FILS.

Esslingen, in Wurtemburg, June 18, 1845.

We left Munich in the morning train for Augsburg. Between the two cities extends a vast unbroken plain, exceedingly barren and monotonous. Here and there is a little scrubby woodland, and sometimes we passed over a muddy stream which came down from the Alps. The land is not more than half-cultivated, and the villages small and poor. We saw many of the peasants at their stations, in their gay Sunday dresses; the women wore short gowns with laced bodices, of very gay colors, and little caps on the top of their heads, with streamers of ribbons, three feet long. After two hours ride, we saw the tall towers of Augsburg, and soon alighted on the outside of the wall. The deep moat which surrounds the city, is all grown over with velvet turf; the towers and bastions are empty and desolate; and we passed unchallenged under the gloomy archway. One sees immediately on entering the city, signs of its ancient splendor. The houses are old, many of them with quaint, elaborately carved ornaments, and often covered with fresco paintings. These generally represent some scene from the Bible history, encircled with arabesque borders, and pious maxims in illuminated scrolls.

The Maximilian Strasse contains the principal edifices of the city, as well as the most splendid of its old palaces. It is terminated at the south by the Church of St. Martin, which, although not so large as the Cathedral, is far more grand and impressive. But I have seen and spoken of so many old Gothic Churches, that it is hardly necessary to do more than mention these. There is a general family resemblance between all, and one description will suffice for many. We went into the old *Rathhaus*, whose golden hall still speaks of the days of Augsburg's pride. I saw in the basement a bronze eagle, weighing sixteen tons, with an inscription on the pedestal stating that it was cast in 1606, and formerly stood on the top of an old public building, since torn down. In front of the Rathhaus is a fine bronze fountain, with a number of figures of angels and tritons. Many of the former palaces, particularly those inhabited by the Tagger family, the great bankers of the sixteenth century, are almost entirely covered with fresco paintings and ornaments of wood and stone. In Augsburg, as in Prague, one is constantly reminded of the past, by the ruins of the splendor which has passed away. From being almost the first city in the German empire, it has dwindled down to an insignificant town, whose only attraction is the remembrance of what it has been.

The Cathedral is a very large building, but irre- [illegible]

... years were used to bring it to its present state. The Emperor Maximilian is said to have ascended it in the year 1492, and to have whirled around, standing with his heel on the edge. I could not enough admire the grandeur of proportion in the great building. It seemed singular that the little race of animals who swarmed around its base, should have the power to conceive or execute such a gigantic work.

There is an immense fortification now in progress of erection behind Ulm. It leans on the side of the hill which rises from the Danube, and must be nearly a mile and a half in length. Hundreds of laborers are at work, and from the appearance of the foundations, many years will be required to finish it. The lofty mountain-plain which we now passed over, for eight or ten miles, divides the waters of the Danube from the Rhine. From the heights above Ulm, we bade adieu to the far, misty Alps, till we should see them again in Switzerland. Late in the afternoon, we came to a lovely green valley, sunk as it were in the earth. Around us, on all sides, stretched the bare, lofty plains; but the valley lay below, its steep sides covered with the richest forest. At the bottom flowed the Fils. Our road led directly down into it, and we were glad to walk again besides the velvet, flower-covered meadows. We saw some romantic ruins on the summits of the hills as we advanced; the valley spread out broader, and smiling villages stood beside the stream. On leaving the little village this morning, where we spent the night, we saw the Hohenstaufen, the highest peak of the Suabian Abb, the village at whose foot was the seat of the mighty family of Hohenstaufen, of which Frederic Barbarossa was a distinguished member. To-day, we have been walking through the loveliest scenery. The valley of the Fils presents a continued succession of delightful pastoral landscapes. A short distance before reaching this place, we came upon the banks of the Neckar, whom we hailed as an old acquaintance, although much smaller here in his mountain home than where he sweeps the walls of Heidelberg.

J. B. T.

Curious Items.

☞ One of our late foreign journals says that about fifty-two years ago, in roofing a house in Scotland, there was used the trunk of a tree, known in that district as "bour tree," and which was placed across the couples undivested of its bark. A few years back this house was again unroofed, and the wood alluded to, after resting high and dry for nearly fifty years, was placed in the ground to form a pillar to attach a gate to. This, to the astonishment of the neighborhood, has again taken root, and is flourishing like a "green bay tree."

☞ The Chinese make the sheets of their tea chest lead in the following manner:—Two men have cauldrons of melted lead constantly ready; one sets beside a smooth flat stone, several feet across, with another flat stone to wield when necessary. The other man pours out a quantity of the melted lead on the stationary stone, when the moveable stone is instantly placed upon it, pressing it out into a thin sheet; they are made very rapidly.

☞ Watches, remarkable for their extreme thinness, are now manufactured at Geneva. They are not thicker than a line and the 16th of a line (little more than the 12th of an inch.) This change does not, however, militate against the full play of the movement, for that remains the same, the thinness being obtained by placing the hands at the side, instead of over the works. This arrangement makes the watches rather larger in circumference.

☞ Samuel Rhinear, Jr., of Burlington, N. J., presented a friend on Christmas day a watermelon sixteen inches long, which was sound, plump and green as if just take from the vine. Nathan Stowell, a veteran horticulturist of the same place, on the same day, presented to one of his lady patrons a dozen ears of *green corn*, preserved in as good condition for boiling as if gathered in summer.

☞ At Westchester there is a stuffed rat, of ordinary size, but the four front teeth, two upper and two lower, about an inch long each, are curved like elephant's tusks, and of a peculiar whiteness. One of the upper curves up into the jaw, the other took a contrary direction; so those of the under jaw curve indifferently.

☞ S. S. Thompson, a merchant of Lafayette, Indiana, has imported a quantity of shawls and dress goods, direct from London. It must have surprised the Londoners to receive an order from a place nearly one thousand miles from the Atlantic Coast.

☞ A short time since, a gold chain, about a yard long, was found in the stomach of a bullock, slaughtered in England. The chain was not in the slightest degree tarnished, but, when found, it was coiled up about half way.

☞ The Senate of Indiana has elected the Hon. G. S. Orth, a Whig, as the President of that body. The Senate is equally divided in politics. Mr. O. was elected on the *ninetieth ballot*.

☞ The dwelling houses in the city of Newark are infested, to a most uncomfortable extent, with red ants, millions of which have made their ap- [illegible]

☞ The Detroit Daily Advertiser states, that a project is on foot to establish a colony or community of the colored people, on the State or Government lands north of the Grand River, in Michigan. An agent from Xenia, Ohio, has been out to look at the country, and make a report to his brethren in that State. The purpose is to buy a large tract, equal to one of the organised counties, and settle it exclusively with the colored race.

☞ A collection was taken up in one of the churches in Boston, on Sunday night, in aid of a benevolent society. A well dressed stranger accosted one of the collectors, saying he wished to contribute his mite, fifty cents, to be taken from a five dollar Boston bill. The collector came nigh giving the change; but a look at the bill showed it to be a worthless one of a broken bank of 1837.

☞ A gentleman in London who had missed bottles of wine from his cellar, finding that an aperture had been made in the wall, sufficiently large to admit an arm and hand, placed a rat trap close to the hole, and next morning he found some human skin and a portion of the nail of a finger. His wine has not been touched since.

☞ A young man named Foster, respectably connected, in an affray which took place some ten days since, in a house in Milk street, Baltimore, was so dreadfully beaten, kicked and stamped upon, that upon being conveyed home he gradually sunk under the injuries he had received and expired on Friday week.

☞ The Portsmouth Journal gives an account of the chase of a fox by the locomotive on the Eastern Railroad. Poor Reynard ran like the wind for a mile or more, but was finally overtaken, and as he turned his head to escape from his pursuers, was struck by the engine wheel and crushed to death.

☞ Some mornings since, five of the prisoners confined in the County Jail at Zanesville, Ohio, were discovered in an attempt to escape. They had released themselves from their irons, and had taken two or three of the bars out of the window, when fortunately the Sheriff discovered them.

☞ Mr. Merricam, who mysteriously disappeared from Baltimore a few days ago, has written a letter to his wife from Norfolk, Va., whither he seems to have gone to try a sort of Quilp-like experiment, to see how his lady would endure the agonizing mystery of his absence.

☞ John Bayer, says the New Orleans Delta, was tried in the Criminal Court, for having severely whipped a little white boy, James Porter, *with a cowhide*, on the 2d of October last, "because he was playing and making a noise before his door." The jury instantly found him guilty.

☞ The Messrs Taylor, of Leicester, England, have obtained a verdict of $800 against Daniels & Carpenter, in the United States Circuit Court, Boston, for counterfeiting their marks on their "Persian thread," by which the interest of the Messrs. Taylor were injured.

☞ It seems by an article in a Buffalo paper, that the individual arrested in this city a few weeks since, on suspicion of being an accomplice in the late express robber, has been discharged by the proper authorities—his appearance not answering to the description.

☞ The New Orleans Bee, of the 10th instant, says that Albert J. Tirrell, the supposed murderer of Maria Bickford, continues to maintain a dogged silence. Besides this, he appears hagged and careworn, as if laboring under mental suffering.

☞ Elisha Blackman, the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre (July 3d, 1778,) died at his residence in Hanover, Wyoming Valley, on the 4th ult., in the 89th year of his age. He was buried with military honors.

☞ The Hon. Henry Clay left Louisville, on the 20th ult., for New Orleans, on private and professional business. He expects to be gone several months, and may probably visit Cuba during the winter.

☞ The Natchitoches Chronicle says that Gen. Wimberly, a resident of Clairborne parish, in Louisiana, was recently killed by his own son. No particulars are given.

☞ Rochester, N. Y., with a population of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is kept in peace and quietness at night, by only six watchman.

☞ James Thomas, formerly Governor of Maryland, died at his residence in St. Mary's county, on Christmas day, aged 62 years.

☞ A vast and very beautiful cave has been discovered near Middleton, Va. It has been explored to the distance of half a mile.

☞ We notice that in all parts of Massachusetts the only balls given are "Temperance Balls."

☞ The Swiss Bell Ringers are on their way to Mexico.

Items of News.

☞ Dr. Waterman, who was indicted at Buffalo, [illegible]

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID
TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is *not* authorised to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent. and charged myself with the amount thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
Sir—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1060 shares	Wilmington R. R. 6s,	26¼a26½
400 do.	Reading R. R.	28¼a29
300 do.	Girard Bank,	8½
163 do.	United States Bank,	4¼a4½
10 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	23
8 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	105
$800	County 5's, 1880, old,	94½
$100	State 5's,	74
$100	State 5's,	71½
$600	State 5's, 1855,	71
$1000	Lehigh 6's,	44½
$100	County 5's, 1860,	94½
$4000	State 5's,	71
$1000	Reading R. R. Bonds,	70
50 do.	Harrisburg R. R.	16½
20 do.	Mechanics Bank,	24
$2000	Tenn. Bonds, 5's,	83½
$2000	Tenn. Bonds, 5's, int. 5 Jan.	84
$1500	State 5's, cash,	71

ALMANAC.

Jan. 1846.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
3 Saturday,	7 22	4 38	6 33	
4 Sunday,	7 22	4 38	7 18	D. H. M.
5 Monday,	7 22	4 38	8 27	
6 Tuesday,	7 21	4 39	9 48	
7 Wednesday,	7 21	4 39	10 31	First 4 9 24
8 Thursday,	7 20	4 40	11 55	Full 12 9 1
9 Friday,	7 19	4 41	morn	Last 20 10 51
10 Saturday,	7 19	4 41	12 50	New 27 4 22

Married,

At Bridesburg, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. B. F. Stead, C. Auguste du Bouchet, of Lyons, France, to Louise, daughter of the late David Scattergood, of the former place.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D. Alex. R. M'Henry, to Rozalene, daughter of Jas. Orne, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Brainerd, George Grant, to Miss Elizabeth L. daughter of the late Lambert Tree, both of this city.

On the 29th ult. at Germantown, by the Rev. Wm. F. Eyster, J. Casper Stoever, to Lucilla H. daughter of A. Ludington, of Springfield, Mass.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Higgins, John Wm. Sieckels, to Miss Catharine Hansell, all of this city.

On the 25th inst. at Frankford, by the Rev. Jas. Seddon, Mr. John Farnworth, to Miss Jane Singleton.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. Francis Clark, to Miss Ann Jackson, all of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. John Thorpe, to Miss Elizabeth Shaw, all of Fairmount, Philadelphia.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Asher Moore, Francis J. Borie, to Miss Elizabeth Rich, all of the county of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. Charles B. Austin, to Miss Rebecca Snyder, all of Kensington.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. C. C. Burr, Mr. Chas. W. Ripley, of Cincinnati, to Miss Eliza G. daughter of Curtis Grubb, Esq. of this city.

On the 25th ult. by John F. Belsterling, Mayor of the Northern Liberties, Eyre Oliphant, of Burlington county, N. J. to Hannah A. Wood, of Camden county, N. J.

On the 25th ult. by Ald. M. Lutz, Mr. John Sailor, to Miss Catharine Harple, both of this city.

On the 20th of Dec. by the Rev. G. F. J. Jaeger, of Hamburg, Mr. Nantman J. Hatzfield, to Miss Elizabeth Mueller, both of Hamburg, Berks county.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. C. C. Vanarsdale, D. D., Mr. Wm. F. Green, to Miss Susan Maria, daughter of John Oppell, of Spring Garden.

In Baltimore, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. E. E. Allen, Joseph R. Kerr, formerly of Philada. to Miss A. [illegible]

WILLIAM PENN.

JUST PUBLISHED—THE VIRTUES AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF WM. PENN. A discourse delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1845, by Albert Barnes. This excellent discourse is printed on large type and fine paper, and may be sent by mail by the cheap postage system at a trifling expense.

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dec 27-3t) WM. SLOANAKER, 98 Chesnut street.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, viz:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules, on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be removed by this Medicine.

IN THIS PREPARATION ARE STRONGLY concentrated all the medicinal properties of Sarsaparilla, compounded with other valuable extracts, the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle. The great object desired is now accomplished, in the production of a remedy possessing a controlling power over supposed hitherto incurable diseases.

The afflicted, or those who may have been given up in despair, and all who are interested, are invited to make a trial of this valuable medicine, or to call on those who have come forward and borne public testimony of its priceless value to them, and satisfy themselves individually of its power in arresting and curing disease, and of what it has done for others.

The following was addressed to our Agent at Savannah:

Ogechee Cross Road, Ga., August 24, 1843.
Mr. G. R. Hendrickson, Savannah.
Dear Sir—Having just recovered from a most severe Chronic Rheumatism, with which I have been afflicted for many years, and having used various remedies without any success, I am induced to write to you in respect to Sands' Sarsaparilla, to which valuable medicine I now owe my present enjoyment of health. Despairing of ever recovering from this distressing disease, and, while laboring under the most acute agony and pain, I was persuaded to try the Sarsaparilla so highly recommended for the cure of rheumatism. I tried one bottle, and the little [illegible]

AMERICAN MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE, ART AND FASHION.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE PROSPECTUS FOR 1846.

Regular Contributors.
WM. C. BRYANT, H. W. LONGFELLOW, JAS. FENIMORE COOPER, RICHARD H. DANA, J. R. LOWELL, E. P. WHIPPLE, C. F. HOFFMAN, H. W. HERBERT.

Graham's is the oldest and most popular of the American Literary Magazines. The number for January 1846, will be the first of the twenty-eighth volume. Its long and uniformly successful career, from its commencement with a few hundred subscribers, until the present time, when it has a circulation exceeding by thousands all others, is perhaps as good an evidence of its great and constantly increasing merit as the publishers have it in their power to offer. To its subscribers, they trust, no assurances are necessary of their determination to maintain its present ascendency over all the rival periodicals of the country. The engagement of such men as BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, MANCUR and others, of high reputation in the literary world, as *regular contributors*, in addition to a list embracing many of the first names in the nation, is a sufficient guarantee that the work will continue to be the principal medium of communication between the best authors and the public. The following more complete list of contributors will convince the reader that it is impossible to have a superior corps in the present age:

William Cullen Bryant, Author of "The Ages," "The Fountain, and other Poems," etc.
Henry W. Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night, "Hyperion," "Outre Mer," "Ballads and other Poems," etc.
James Fenimore Cooper, Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," "Naval History," "Home as Found," "The American Democrat," etc.
Richard H. Dana, Author of "The Buccaneers," "The Idle man," "Discourses on Shakspeare," etc.
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Charles Fenno Hoffman, Author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," etc.
James Russell Lowell, Author of "A Year's Life, and other Poems," "Old English Dramatists," etc.
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Rev. Walter Colton, Author of "Constantinople and Athens," "Ship and Shore," etc.
Alfred B. Street, Author of "Nature," "The Burning [illegible]

Ladies' Boudoir.

THE FLOWERS.

Children of the glowing summer,
Flowers of the new-fledged place,
Joy and beauty is your dower,
Nature loved ye not in vain!
Shining in your radiant height,
And garmented in Heaven's light,
With all the pomp of drapery
Yet, children of the summer, mourn!
Darkness dwells within your form—
Soul hath been denied to ye.

Nightingales, when axes are meeting,
Sing to you at lovers' bliss;
Zephyrs o'er your bosoms floating,
Woo you to their amorous kiss;
Yet within the far depths glowing
Of your golden cups is flowing
No tide of sensibility.
Then, children of the summer, mourn,
What wrote the poet-love form!—
Love hath been denied to ye.

But when Mannie's dazzling glances
Chain your timid, lowering orgies,
If my trembling load advances
With an emblem from your throng,
Life and Love, and Soul and Language,
And the still heart's sweetest anguish,
All have found a voice in ye.
Then, children of the summer, mourn;
Weep not! for amidst your flowers,
Love shrines his deity.

MARRYING AT GRETNA GREEN.

A great noise has been lately made in the fashionable world of London, of the elopement of Lady Adela Villiers, a celebrated beauty, with a captain of the guard. The newspapers are full of particulars of the affair. Among other things we find in one of our foreign journals an account of the mode of marrying at Gretna Green, whither the lovers fled. The first procedure was to obtain the consent of both parties, with a proper description of their respective residences. Here for an instant a difficulty was apprehended. Lady Adela confessed that at the moment she could only recollect three of her Christian names, though she believed she had more. Our host soon calmed her ladyship's misgivings by declaring that all the names were not necessary, instancing a case where the same omission had been declared valid—that of the Prince de Capua, who, possessing a string of something like sixteen names, when asked to make them at Gretna, could only recollect about one half the number.

The names obtained, next came the question of witnesses. It was highly desirable that no party in the house should be requested to attest the marriage, who might by possibility have a knowledge of the principal actors. This was answered upon my host, who promptly remarked that the Cadian gentlemen generally considered it their privilege to act as witnesses on similar occasions, adding, that if the gallant captain had no objection, one of them would be a perfectly competent witness, while his own "better half" might be the second.

The proposition was at once entertained, and the parties alluded to were summoned to attend.

The clerical character was now altogether assumed by most loud, and the ceremony commenced by a declaration on the part of both her ladyship and the gallant officer, to the effect that they were single persons, and that they had come to Gretna freely and willingly, of their own accord, and without force. The first part of the ceremony was performed in the usual way.

The gallant captain next took the left hand of his fair companion, and having placed the ring thereon, mine host joined their hands together, and declared the parties man and wife in the following terms:—"I do pronounce and this ceremony I have consented together before God and this people to be man and wife, by witnessing this ring, I hereby declare them to be such in the presence of God and these witnesses."

The marriage was then recorded in the usual manner upon a printed form prepared for the purpose. As a good deal of curiosity may be supposed to prevail on the subject at this moment, we append a copy of the document, together with the stamp duties, exactly as they appear in the original:—

"Kingdom of Scotland, County of Dumfries, Parish of Gretna.

"These are to certify to all to whom these presents may come, that Charles Fala Bierson, of the parish of St. Pancras, London, in county of Middlesex, and Adela Caroline Villiers, of the parish of St. George, London, in the county of Middlesex, being now here present and having declared themselves single persons were this day married, after the manner of the laws of the United Kingdom of England and agreeable to the laws of Scotland.

"As witness our hands at ——Gretna Hall, this ninth day of November, 1841.

"C. F. BIERSON. ADELA VILLIERS
"Solemnized by J. LUMSDEN.
"Witnesses. JANE LUMSDEN. ROBERT CRUIKS.

ON THE MARRIED STATE.

To Miss ——. Knowing that you are about to enter a garden enclosed, and that you are at present, a stranger to this garden, permit an old friend to give you some account of it. I have travelled every part and every path; know every production of every kind it can possibly yield—and as my information can do you no harm, it may do you some good.

You know that there is but one way of entrance; I need hardly tell you that it is generally very gay, glittering, strewed with flowers of every hue and fragrance, with all that art or imagination can invent. You need hardly hope that some of your friends will never alter, as you will not see the end of the path when you enter it. To some it proves a short one—and to some it may appear very different in the retrospect.

Here, my dear girl, let me caution you not to dream of perpetual bliss, if you do, experience will show you that it many exsisted on earth, save in visions or visionary hopes.

You will meet with many productions on this garden which are charming to the eye and pleasant to the taste; but they are not all so. Let me remark, that you are carrying into this garden one of the most delicate and delicate plants in nature—I mean Good Humor. Don't drop it or lose it, as the many have done soon after they entered, who set down, if ever found it again. It is a treasure which nothing can make up to you.

When you get to the end of the first walk, which lasts about thirty steps, commonly called honeymoon-path, you will see the garden open in a vast variety of various—and how I must caution you against some productions which are commonly very noxious, and even fatal in their tendency to the unwary and ignorant.

There is a low, small plant, which may be seen in almost every path, called Indifference, though not possessed of the exhalation. You will always know when near this plant, though you do not see it, by a certain coldness in the air which surrounds it. Cautions to all others, if they have an odd fancy to search. Whenever you perceive this change, your situation is near as you can.

In the same bed with this plant but ugly yellow flower, called Jealousy, which I wish you never to look at. Turn from it as fast as possible, for it has a strange quality of tinging the eye that beholds it with a stain which it seldom gets rid of.

As you go on, you will meet with many little command paths, but be not led into them. I advise you, as a friend, never to attempt it for though at the entrance of each, so much is in large letters, that the sight may, when you get in, in some cases cost us less, you find the true name is Le Parterre beneau, and that you are in the wrong, and will not acknowledge it. This often occasions endless disputes here in a country of perpetual fallowness—and sometimes of a final separation in the garden.

Near this spot, you will meet with a stately, knotty plant, called Obstinacy, under a hard shell of fruit, which becomes fatal when taken in large quantities. Turn from it, avoid it as you would the plague.

Just opposite to this grows that lowly, lovely shrub Complyance—which, though not pleasant to the palate, is salutary and sweet, and preserved to the most delicious fruit in the garden. Never be without a sprig of it in your hands it will often be wanted as you go along; if you do not, you will scarcely regret the want at it.

All over the garden you will find a useful plant called Economy. It is a thriving quality, take a good stock of it as you go in. It seems and enriches at the same time. Many entirely overlook it, and despise it and others think they do not want it. It is generally forgotten in the hurry and gayety with which people enter this place, but the time want of it is commonly paid for by bitter regret once.

I must tell you, unless you partake of it, it will answer little end to either. You may, if you please, carry some with you into the garden, but it is a hundred to one if you do not lose it going in. This is more useful than you will find three—for it is of another sort. Provide yourself and partner with a proper quantity of it, as soon as you can, when in the place.

You observe as you pass, two or three paths, which run much into one another—I mean those of Regularity, Exactness and Neatness. Do not think, as many do, that when once you see in you may be careless of your persons and dress. Remember that your companion will see some that are not so—this offensive will strike his eye, if not affect it. Unto these paths attempt at once to run over the garden, and, take my word for it, if you do, you will never get out of them; once fairly in, you are in for life —and the worst of it is, that if you do not find them soon, you will never find them afterwards.

Near this walk is found that invaluable shrub Humility. This, though of no worth in itself, yet joined to other good qualities is worth them all put together. It is never seen without being admired, and is most amiable when not visible. They say "virtue is its own reward"—I am certain pride is its own punishment. The thorn it is from every plea, which it strongly resembles. It infects and corrupts. Cultivate, with all your care, the humble plant now mentioned, as the best antidote against this poisonous weed.

Allow me here to drop a hint on the subject of cultivation, as the most favorable will be your employment. Should you be trusted with the rearing of a flower, remember two things: first, that it is but a flower, however fair—frail in its nature, and failing at every blast: and, secondly, that it is a flower in trust, for the cultivation of which you are accountable to the owner of the garden.

Should you be a witness to a blast on its dawning beauties, oh, how your flattering heart will bleed with tenderness. Let affection sympathize. Your feelings may be conceived, but they cannot be described. The young shoot will naturally droop, the sensibly tinge around the fibres of your frame should it live and thrive, upon your care to tend it the young production have to rise. Want it water, it, pause it—it will need them all. Without this, you a promise, you will spring up and poison the very soil on which it grows.

Remember this is a trust for which you are accountable to Him who gave it. Here you may be blest with the sweetest productions of this garden—that they may be the delight of your eyes, and that you and they, when the season of this life is over, may be transplanted to some happier soil, and flourish in immortal vigor in perfect and permanent felicity, is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend.

Story From Punch.

PAYING THE "ORFUL" PENALTY.

[In the last number of Punch there is a most moving account of a young man, an acquaintance of his, who lately "suffered." It is as follows:—]

Monday morning, April 1, at half-past eleven precisely, I received the unwelcome intimation that Mr. Pinkney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by exposing his own attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the after railing of Saint Martin's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at the Joneses' party at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinkney was there, and there was first introduced to Mary Ann, to whom he instantly began to direct peculiar attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinkney had barely attained to his twenty-eighth year; but there is reason to believe that for the reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and the moment he possesses to the course for which he had just ordained.

The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half-past eight to ten he was busily engaged in writing letters, which were addressed to Mary Ann's brother. Henry, knocked at the door, when the doomed youth laid him in a firm voice to come in Henry obeyed, when he found the life of a man, dead, "not yet. The question was then put to him how he thought he should sleep, to which his answer was "I don't care." He then asked his sister for a cigar and a glass of grog, which were supplied him. His brother, who sat down and partook of the latter, remarked that he was astonished he would want anything more that night. He said "perhaps," in a dry voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the doomed one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven, the next morning, the victim of Cupid, having been called according to his desire, rose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he had devoted a longer time to his toilet, than usual.

The wretched individual was attired in a light blue dress coat with frosted metal buttons, a white waistcoat and light trousers, with pearl studs in the bosom. He wore round his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the Corazza of his heart. In the pockets of his coat were placed a pair of very conspicuous Gemmeaux. Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his father and sister were awaiting him. He shook hands cordially with them, and passed on not being aware that he had once answered "very well:" and to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said "he felt happy." One of the party knowing his previous weakness suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through, he expressed a wish upon his choice